

AVENGERS • X-MEN • ETERNALS

JUDGMENT DAY

EARTH'S MIGHTIEST HEROES

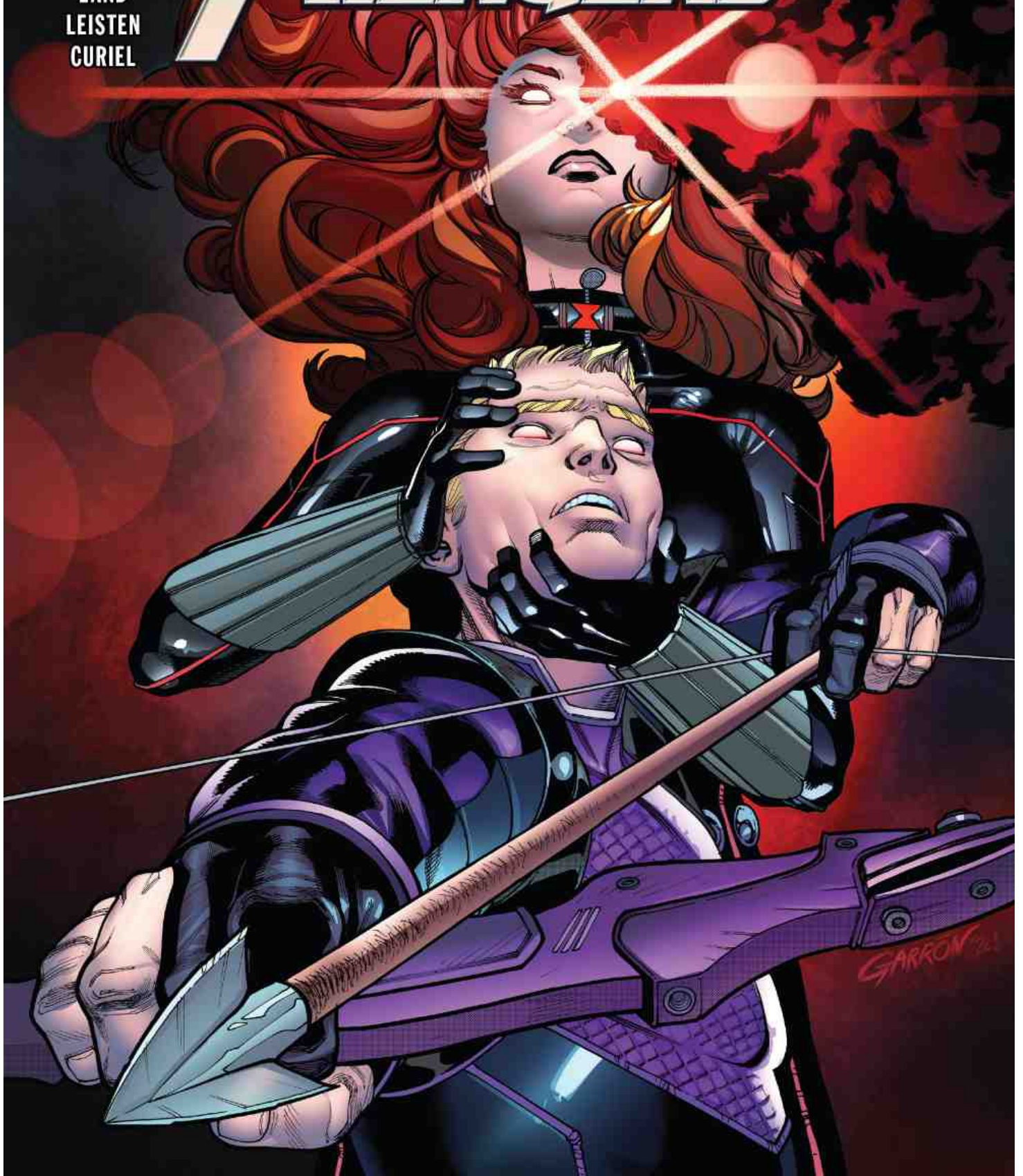
MARVEL

60

LGY#760

RUSSELL
LAND
LEISTEN
CUIEL

THE AVENGERS



And there came a day, a day unlike any other, when Earth's mightiest heroes found themselves united against a common threat! On that day, the Avengers were born--to fight the foes no single super hero could withstand!

Druig, leader of the Eternals, targeted all mutants for extermination, launching an attack on their island nation of Krakoa. The Avengers allied with a group of Eternals opposed to Druig's plan, and together, they used Avengers Mountain, the husk of a dead Celestial, to create a new god: the Progenitor. But once awakened, the Progenitor made a proclamation to everyone on Earth: they have a mere 24 hours to prove their worth--and if they are found lacking, all will die!

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JUDGMENT DAY

#60



HAWKEYE



BLACK WIDOW



LUKE CAGE

"THE HIGHER ROOFTOP"

By Mark Russell, Greg Land & Jay Leisten

COLOR ARTIST:

David Curiel

LETTERER:

VC's Cory Petit

COVER ARTISTS:

Javier Garrón
& David Curiel

VARIANT COVER ARTIST:

Nuri Durr

ASSISTANT EDITOR:

Martin Biro

ASSOCIATE EDITOR:

Annalise Bissa

EDITOR:

Tom Brevoort

EDITOR IN CHIEF:

C.B. Cebulski

AVENGERS CREATED BY STAN LEE & JACK KIRBY

NEW YORK CITY.

THE RANGE OF PROBLEMS
THAT CAN BE SOLVED WITH
A BOW AND ARROW IS
RELATIVELY NARROW.

HEY!
DON'T WORRY,
BUDDY!

IT'S
NOT HUMAN
BLOOD.



BUT WHEN YOU
FIND ONE--

SCHINK

--ALL THE YEARS
OF DEVOTING
YOURSELF TO A
WEAPON THAT
PRE-DATES PANTS--

--SORTA
MAKE
SENSE.

IT'S THE REST OF THE
TIME THAT YOU ASK
YOURSELF JUST WHAT
THE HELL YOU'VE DONE
WITH YOUR LIFE.





IF YOU REALIZE HOW GOOD IT FEELS TO NOT BE COVERED IN BLOOD, THEN YOU'VE PROBABLY MADE SOME POOR DECISIONS IN LIFE.

BUT AT A CERTAIN AGE, YOU WAKE UP AND SUDDENLY REALIZE THAT ALL THE REAL CHOICES YOU HAD IN LIFE--

--YOU'VE ALREADY MADE.

AND NOW YOU'RE JUST SOME GUY DOING WHATEVER SOME YOUNGER VERSION OF HIMSELF CHOSE FOR HIM.

HI, CLINT.

NAT?

ACTUALLY, I'M A *CELESTIAL* APPROPRIATING THE FORM OF NATASHA ROMANOFF.

A.K.A. *BLACK WIDOW*.

SARCASM IS THE LOWEST FORM OF WIT, NAT.

REALLY? ACCORDING TO WHO?

I DON'T KNOW. I READ IT IN A BOX OF CRACKER JACKS.

IT CAME WITH A TEMPORARY TATTOO.



YOU MIND IF I HAVE ONE OF THESE? I ONLY GET TO EAT WHEN I'M IN CORPOREAL FORM.

I ADMIRE COMMITMENT TO A BIT.

WAIT--
NO, I DON'T.
I FIND IT ANNOYING.



"COMMITMENT TO A BIT" IS ACTUALLY A PRETTY ACCURATE DESCRIPTION OF THE HUMAN PREDICAMENT. AND *YOURS*.

YOU SEE, CLINT BARTON...A.K.A. HAWKEYE...



...I'M NOT JOKING. I AM, IN FACT, A CELESTIAL.

I AM HERE TO JUDGE THE HUMAN RACE.

AND I AM HERE TO JUDGE YOU.



I THINK I'VE SEEN THIS MOVIE. SO, LEMME GUESS-- YOU'VE COME TO ME IN THE FORM OF SOMEONE I **RESPECT** SO THAT I'LL LISTEN?



WELL, *THAT* AND I DIDN'T WANT TO GET US KICKED OUT OF THE DINER.



IT'S OKAY. I'VE BEEN KICKED OUT OF THIS DINER BEFORE. SO LET'S SEE IT.

MY **TRUE SELF**? YOU WANT TO TAKE THAT FIELD TRIP?



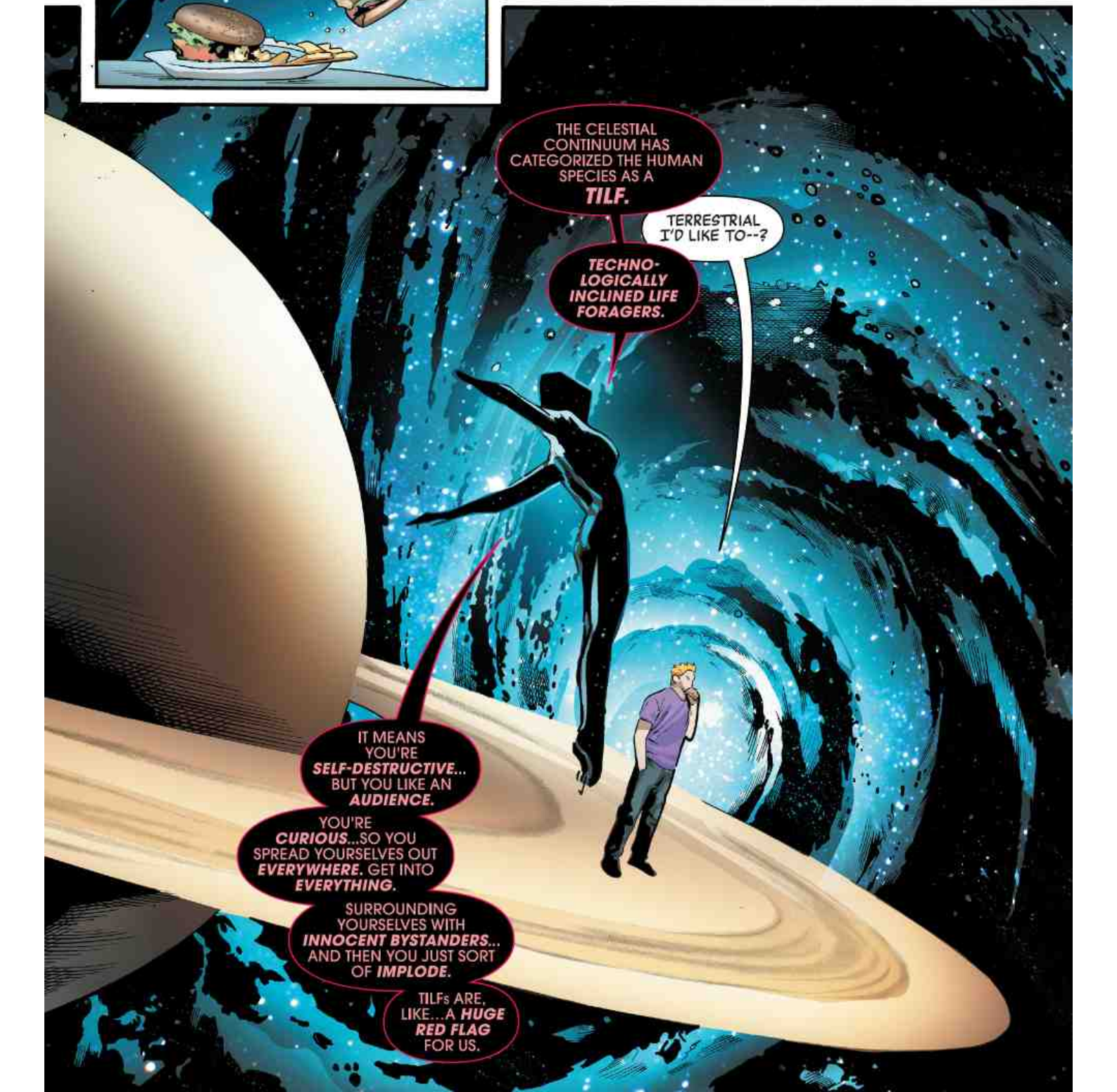
VERY WELL,
CLINT BARTON. AS
YOU **DESIRE**.

BEHOLD
OUR **COSMIC**
MAJESTY!



WAIT!

MY
CHEESEBURGER!



THE CELESTIAL
CONTINUUM HAS
CATEGORIZED THE HUMAN
SPECIES AS A
TILF.

TERRESTRIAL
I'D LIKE TO--?

**TECHNO-
LOGICALLY
INCLINED LIFE
FORAGERS.**

IT MEANS
YOU'RE
SELF-DESTRUCTIVE...
BUT YOU LIKE AN
AUDIENCE.

YOU'RE
CURIOUS... SO YOU
SPREAD YOURSELVES OUT
EVERYWHERE. GET INTO
EVERYTHING.

SURROUNDING
YOURSELVES WITH
INNOCENT BYSTANDERS...
AND THEN YOU JUST SORT
OF **IMplode**.

TILFs ARE,
LIKE...A **HUGE
RED FLAG**
FOR US.



SO WHEN WE STUMBLE ON A SPECIES LIKE YOURS, WE FIND IT BEST TO INTERVENE EARLY ON. TO JUDGE WHETHER WE CAN RISK YOUR CONTINUED EXISTENCE.

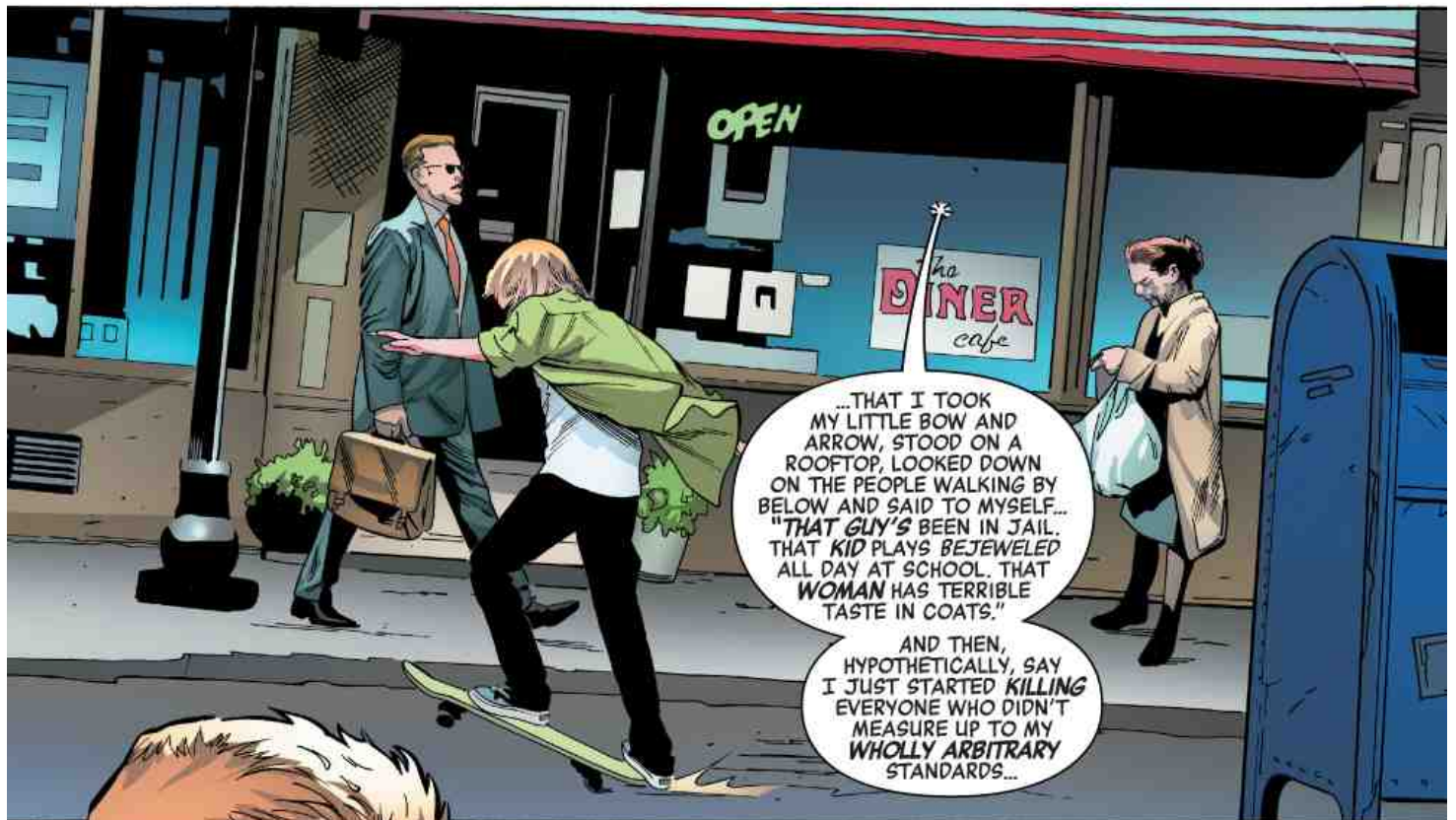
AND MY JOB, CLINT... IS TO JUDGE YOU.

CAN I ASK A QUESTION?

PLEASE DO.



SAY... HYPOTHETICALLY...



...THAT I TOOK MY LITTLE BOW AND ARROW, STOOD ON A ROOFTOP, LOOKED DOWN ON THE PEOPLE WALKING BY BELOW AND SAID TO MYSELF... "THAT GUY'S BEEN IN JAIL. THAT KID PLAYS BEJEWELED ALL DAY AT SCHOOL. THAT WOMAN HAS TERRIBLE TASTE IN COATS."

AND THEN, HYPOTHETICALLY, SAY I JUST STARTED KILLING EVERYONE WHO DIDN'T MEASURE UP TO MY WHOLLY ARBITRARY STANDARDS...



...WOULD I PASS YOUR TEST?



OUR STANDARDS ARE NOT ARBITRARY.

OH? THEN WHAT ARE THEY BASED ON?



THEY'RE COMPLICATED. AND, FRANKLY, NOT UP TO YOU.







OR ARE YOU WHO YOU ARE *EVERY DAY*?



CITY HALL.

WHATEVER THE OUTCOME OF
THIS EXISTENTIAL BAKE-OFF...
I NEEDED TO *KNOW*.

WHAT CAN
I DO FOR YOU,
CLINT?

I'VE BEEN
DOING SOME
THINKING
LATELY.

LUKE CAGE

DO WE
ACTUALLY
DO ANY *GOOD*
HERE?

OR DO
WE JUST CALL
IT GOOD BECAUSE
WE'RE GOOD AT
DOING IT?

I GUESS
WHAT I'M
ASKING IS...

...IS THERE
ANY STANDARD BY
WHICH WE CAN JUDGE
OURSELVES THAT ISN'T
COMPLETELY ARBITRARY
OR *SELF-DEALING*?

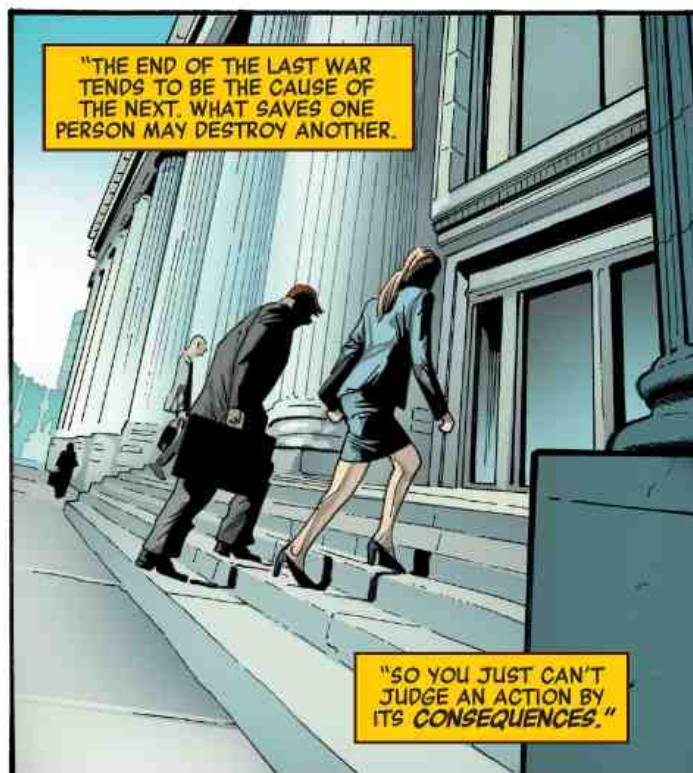
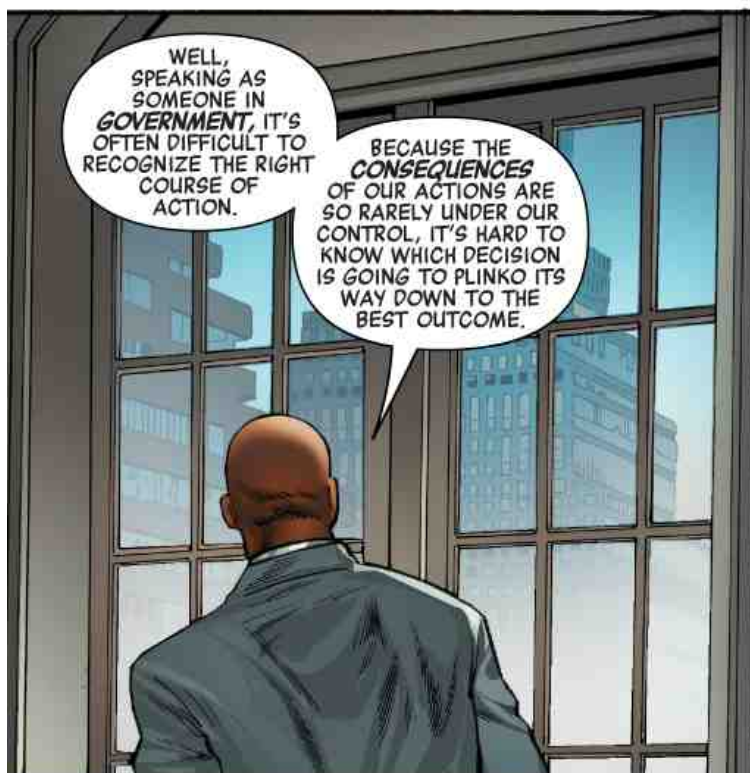
CLINT...

...I'M THE
MAYOR.

I KNOW.
I JUST NEEDED
TO TALK TO
SOMEONE
SMART.

I HEAR
TONY STARK IS
AVAILABLE.

NOT
THAT SMART.
YOU'LL DO.





SO THEN...
WHAT **DO** YOU
JUDGE SOMEONE'S
ACTIONS BY?

THEIR
INTENTIONS?



WELL, MAYBE.
BUT EVEN **MONSTERS**
SOMETIMES HAVE **GOOD**
INTENTIONS. THEY JUST
COUNT ON THE QUALITY OF
THEIR OMELET TO MAKE
UP FOR ALL THE EGGS
THEY BROKE.

AS THEY
SAY...THE **ROAD**
TO **HELL** IS PAVED
WITH **GOOD**
INTENTIONS.



WELL, AT
LEAST IT'S
PAVED!

THANKS
FOR THE
PEP TALK,
MAYOR.



I GUESS
IN THE END, IT'S
JUST THE SORT OF
THING WE HAVE TO
FIGURE OUT FOR
OURSELVES.

EACH OF
US ADRIPT ON
OUR OWN RAFT
OF MORAL
FUTILITY.

THAT
SHOULD BE
YOUR CAMPAIGN
SLOGAN.



OH! I **ALMOST** FORGOT! I
SORTA BOTCHED A JOB THIS
MORNING SO NOW THERE'S
A WOUNDED ALIEN SEEKING
VENGEANCE IN THE SEWERS
OF THIS CITY.

JUST
WANTED
TO GIVE YOU
A **HEADS-**
UP!



WAIT.
WHAT?!



WELL, HE
WASN'T
MUCH HELP.

BUT THEN, WHAT DOES IT
EVEN MEAN TO JUDGE THE
HUMAN RACE, ANYWAY?

FRANKENSTEIN
HAD PRETTY NICE
TEETH FOR A
DEAD GUY.



LIKE, SAY YOU'RE GIVING A
PRIZE FOR "BEST ALLIGATOR."
WHO DO YOU GIVE IT TO?

ONE THAT
COMPLETELY IGNORES
THE FACT THAT IT'S
AN ALLIGATOR?



CAN
WE HELP
YOU?

AN
ALLIGATOR
SAINT?



OR TO THE ONE BEST AT
BEING WHAT AN ALLIGATOR
WAS DESIGNED TO BE?

UH... JUST
HERE TO DO
A LITTLE LIGHT
COUNTER-
ESPIONAGE.

THE ONE WHO
GOBBLES THE
MOST SWIMMERS.



DAMN NEW YORK CITY
ROOFTOPS. WHEN DID
THEY ALL GET CONVERTED
INTO TERRACES?

PLEASE. GO
ABOUT YOUR
DAY AS IF I'M
NOT EVEN
HERE.

I'LL JUST
BE WORKING
DISCREETLY BEHIND
THE HYDRANGEAS.

I WONDER IF
CROSSFIRE
EVER HAS THIS
PROBLEM?

APPARENTLY
NOT. LUCKY
DUCK.

LOOKS LIKE I'M JUST IN TIME
TO STOP AN ASSASSINATION.
SEE? THIS IS *IMPORTANT*
WORK, RIGHT? THE FATE OF
NATIONS HANGS IN THE BALANCE.

THOUGH IT'S WEIRD HOW MUCH
OF THE ASSASSINATION GAME
COMES DOWN TO WHO CAN
FIND THE *HIGHER ROOFTOP*.

CHOBHAM-LINED, SHOCK-
ABSORBENT ARMOR. EVEN
IF I HIT HIM, IT MIGHT
NOT BE ENOUGH TO
KNOCK HIM OFF HIS SHOT.

BETTER MOVE
TO *PLAN B*.

FWH-TTT

CH-THUNK

GOOOSH



IS THAT WHY I DO THIS? BECAUSE THE PROBLEMS YOU CAN SOLVE WITH A BOW AND ARROW JUST TEND TO BE *SIMPLER*?

HUH?

OH.

CRAP IN A HAT.

LIFE WOULD BE SO MUCH EASIER IF I WAS A MAILBOX. MAYBE THE CELESTIAL WAS *RIGHT*. MAYBE I AM HOPELESSLY OUTCLASSED IN THIS COMPETITION.

LOOKS LIKE THE *ADULT SWIM* IS UNDERWAY.

UHHNNNNFF!

BETTER PUT
A PIN IN THE
INTERNAL
MONOLOGUE.





PRETTY SURE
ASSASSINATION
IS STILL **ILLEGAL**
IN THIS STATE!



DO YOU
HAVE **ANY** IDEA
WHO YOU JUST
LET GET AWAY?

YOUR
MOTHER?



THAT JOKE
DOESN'T EVEN
MAKE SENSE IN
THIS CONTEXT!



DOES
IT EVER?



THAT WAS
A **BLACK MARKET**
ARMS DEALER! BY
SAVING HIS LIFE, YOU
HAVE SENTENCED
HUNDREDS TO
DIE!



MORALITY IS
COMPLICATED.
I GET IT.



OH WELL.
WHATEVER. I DID
WHAT I COULD.

AHH. THE
SIMPLE AND
UNCOMPLICATED
PLEASURES OF
SENDING
MAIL.



I BOW TO
THE SUPERIOR
COMPETITION.



I SUPPOSE THIS IS IT.
MY LAST DAY IN THE
MORTAL PLANE. NOT TO
MENTION NEW YORK.



BUT TO BE HONEST,
I DON'T MIND DYING.

THE NEXT DAY.

IT'S NOT
EXISTING THAT
BOthers ME.



I CAN'T HELP BUT FEEL
LIKE I'M LEAVING THE
THEATER WITH FIVE MINUTES
STILL LEFT IN THE MOVIE.



I HAD A GOOD
TIME, BUT THERE'RE
SOME QUESTIONS
I'D STILL LIKE TO
HAVE ANSWERED.



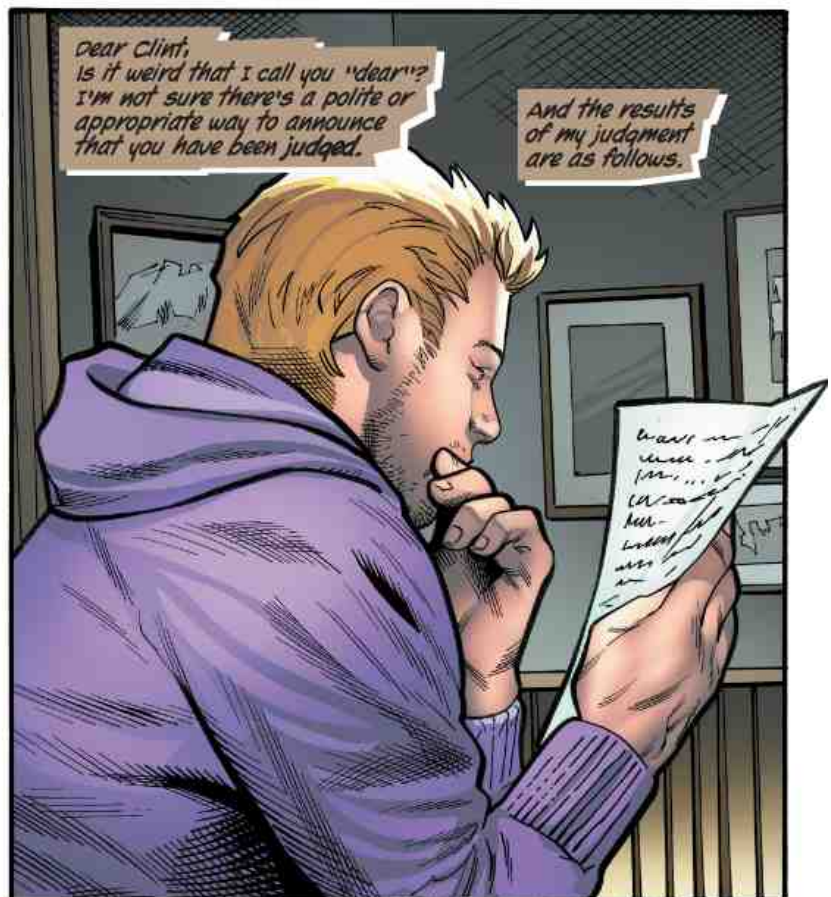
LIKE...WHAT
COULD I HAVE DONE
DIFFERENTLY?

WHAT SHOULD
I HAVE DONE
DIFFERENTLY.



Dear Clint,
Is it weird that I call you "dear"?
I'm not sure there's a polite or
appropriate way to announce
that you have been judged.

And the results
of my judgment
are as follows.





I've been watching closely. As expected, I have found your species to be self-absorbed and violent.

GOODBYE, CLINT.



you deplore the arrogance of others that you call righteousness in yourselves.

you act even though you don't know what to do. you can barely tell right from wrong and usually don't even try.



But, to be fair, that is a trick question.



Because the truth is that there is no right answer. Every decision is dependent upon the needs of the moment, and there are more possibilities to consider than atoms in the universe.

Our only hope is to become better and smarter beings each time it is asked of us. And the only way to become better people is to keep asking that question of ourselves.

There may not be any such thing as moral clarity, but that doesn't mean we can't grow.

And you have grown. Which, apparently, a mailbox cannot do.

So my judgment is that you pass. you will live.

But we'll be watching from time to time, Clint. So my advice is to act as if someone is always watching.



Until you are wise enough to act as though no one is.

END.

AVENGERS • X-MEN • ETERNALS

JUDGMENT DAY



CHECKLIST

JULY

-A.X.E.: EVE OF JUDGMENT #1
-A.X.E.: JUDGMENT DAY #1

AUGUST

-IMMORTAL X-MEN #5
-X-MEN RED #5
-A.X.E.: JUDGMENT DAY #2
-A.X.E.: DEATH TO THE MUTANTS #1
-X-FORCE #30
-X-MEN #13
-A.X.E.: JUDGMENT DAY #3
-WOLVERINE #24
-X-FORCE #31
-X-MEN #14

SEPTEMBER

-A.X.E.: DEATH TO THE MUTANTS #2
-IMMORTAL X-MEN #6
-MARAUDERS #6
-WOLVERINE #25
-A.X.E.: JUDGMENT DAY #4
-X-FORCE #32
-X-MEN RED #6
-AVENGERS #60
-AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #10
-A.X.E.: JUDGMENT DAY #5
-A.X.E.: AVENGERS #1
-FANTASTIC FOUR #47

OCTOBER

-A.X.E.: DEATH TO THE MUTANTS #3
-A.X.E.: X-MEN #1
-A.X.E.: IRON FIST #1
-A.X.E.: STARFOX #1
-CAPTAIN MARVEL #42
-FANTASTIC FOUR #48
-IMMORTAL X-MEN #7
-X-FORCE #33
-X-MEN RED #7
-A.X.E.: ETERNALS #1
-LEGION OF X #6
-A.X.E.: JUDGMENT DAY #6

NOVEMBER

-A.X.E.: JUDGMENT DAY OMEGA #1

THE AVENGERS

EARTH'S MIGHTIEST HEROES

#61



HISTORY'S MIGHTIEST UNTOLD SECRETS!

If the Avengers hope to survive being lost in time, they'll need the help of some of history's greatest heroes, from the Thor of the Viking Age to the T. Rex Starbrand at the dawn of time, plus all the forgotten Avengers of bygone eras whose stories can finally be told.

Avengers Assemble! Email us at MHEROES@MARVEL.COM and mark your messages "Okay to Print" for a chance to see them answered in future issues!

